

ANIMAL

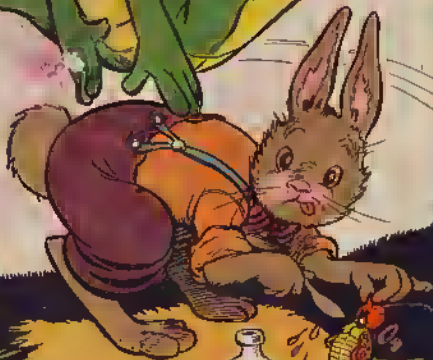
COMICS

10¢

No. 13

FEB. - MAR.

DELL
PUBLICATIONS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



BUCKY HORSE

Bucky Horse found that if he lifted the pasture bars in his teeth and pulled, they would fall to the ground. He walked through the gap and found himself in the farmhouse yard.

It was wash day, and there were a lot of clothes hanging on the line. Bucky Horse nibbled at a clothespin. It came loose in his teeth. This was really fun! He pulled all the clothespins off the street and began on the next.

And then Billy Breeze took a hand!

A puff of wind whipped the loose sheet from the line, and WRAPPED IT AROUND BUCKY'S HEAD. Bucky moaned. He pawed the air, but the sheet stuck tight. Scared half to death, he started running.

Being blindfolded like that, he could not see that he was headed straight for the river. All at once there was nothing under his feet but air. He came up swimming desperately.

"MAMA!" he squealed in terror. "Where are you? Where am I?"

Molly Mae's loud whinny answered him. Down the river bank she plunged, and shoulder-deep into the stream. Quickly she pulled Bucky to the bank where he could climb out himself.

It was a very wet and thoughtful baby horse that she led back through the pasture bars. And never, as long as he lived, did Bucky pull the clothespins from another washline.



UNCLE WIGGLY

WHAT A GRAND DAY FOR AN ADVENTURE...IF ONLY MY RHEUMATISM WEREN'T SO BOTHERSOME

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DEAR ME! HERE COMES ROBERT RACCOON AND HIS FAMILY, WITH ALL THEIR FURNITURE. THEY MUST BE HOUSE-HUNTING.

HELLO UNCLE WIGGLY! DO YOU KNOW OF A HOUSE THAT'S FOR RENT?

THIS IS A BIG SURPRISE! WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR COZY HOME IN THE HOLLOW TREE?

WE WERE DRIVEN OUT BY A SAVAGE OLD OWL.

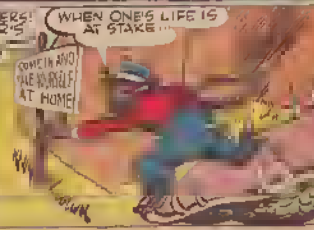
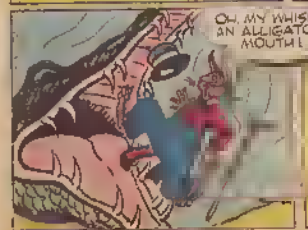
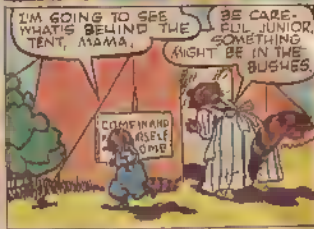
WE ATE ONE OF MY CHILDREN (SOB SOB!) AND HE KEPT HOOTING THREATS AT US TILL I ALMOST WENT CRAZY.

DEAR ME, SUZ-DUD! YOU POOR THINGS, WE'LL CERTAINLY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WICKED OWL.

BUT FIRST OF ALL WE MUST FIND A PLACE FOR YOU TO STOP OVERNIGHT

MY WORD! I NEVER SAW THIS SIGN BEFORE...AN INN WOULD BE ALL RIGHT.

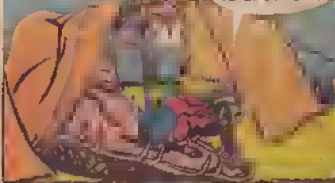
THIS WAY TO THE GYPPIE INN - ALL WELCOME



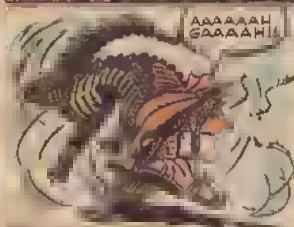
...ONE WAS TO ACT QUICKLY



HO HO, HO! THAT SHOULD GIVE YOU
SOMETHING
TO CHEW ON!



AAAAAH
GAAAAH!



HA, HA!

HO, HO!

HEE, HEE! LOOKIT
I'M GO!



WELL, THERE GOES YOUR
OVERNIGHT LODGING, FOLKS...
WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK FARTHER.



THERE'S MRS. GROUNDHOG'S
BOARDING HOUSE!



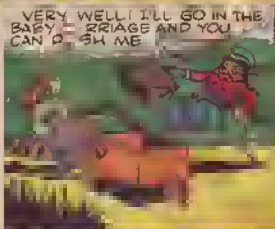
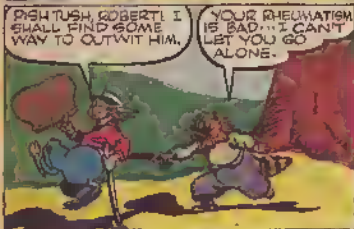
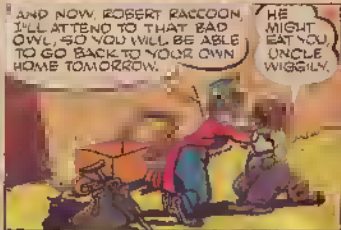
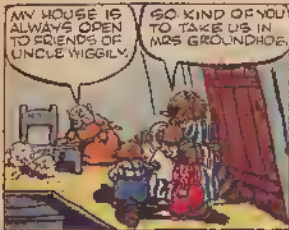
SHE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL. I
HOPE SHE HAS ROOM
FOR YOU.



GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. GROUNDHOG!
COULD YOU POSSIBLY PUT UP THESE
FRIENDS OF MINE
OVERNIGHT?



INDEED I
COULD!



WHOOOO
WHOOOO!

HURRY ROBERT! I'LL
KEEP HIM OFF!

TAKE THAT, YOU CANNIBAL!

URK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

QUICK. NOW. BEFORE HE
GETS HIS WITS BACK!

WE'RE NEARLY
HOME NOW.

HE'S COMING NOW!
(PUFF, PUFF!)

INSIDE! AND SLAM
THE DOOR!

WE JUST MADE IT!

SLAMMM!
MMM!

GAWK!

YOO-HOO-HOOOO--WAIT TILL I CATCH
YOU-OO

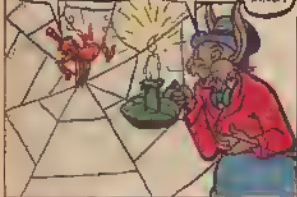
D. DID YOU HEAR THAT, UNCLE
WISSLY? I'M SHAKIN' & SO THAT
I CAN'T LIGHT THIS CANDLE...
YOU TRY IT!



POUFF! THERE! BEING SCARED
WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! WE'LL
HAVE TO BE CALM AND THINK!



HELP! I'M CAUGHT! OHO! SO YOU ARE!



LITTLE BUGS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP
AWAY FROM CATCHY
THINGS LIKE SPIDER WEBS.



I SAY! THAT
GIVES ME A
SPLENDID
IDEA!



GO TO THE WINDOW, ROBERT, AND SEE
IF THE BAD OWL IS STILL
THERE.



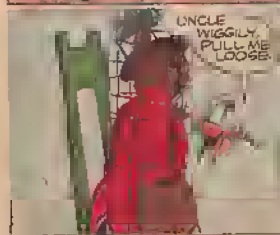
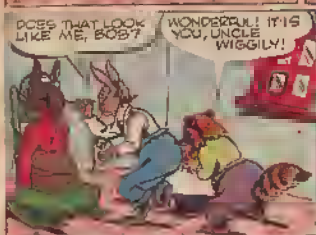
OOOO-HOOOO... I SEE
YOU...OOO!!!

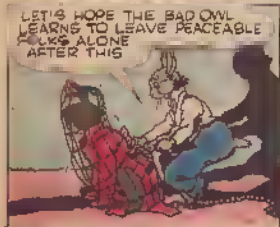


YOU HEARD HIM--- GAY!
WHAT ARE YOU MAKING
WITH THAT BALL OF
STRING?

A SPIDER'S NET
TO CATCH AN
OWL!







FIRST WE'LL CUT
OFF THE SHARP
ENDS OF HIS
CLAWS.

THEN HE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO CATCH
ANY OF MY
CHILDREN AGAIN.



NOW, MR. SAVAGE OWL,
YOU CAN GO HOME AND
HOOT TILL YOUR THROAT'S
SORE.

AND I HOPE
YOU
GET A
STOMACH-ACHE.



AND NEXT WE'LL CLIP OFF THE
TIPS OF HIS WING FEATHERS, SO
HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY AT
PEOPLE AND SCARE THEM.



SPEAKING OF STOMACH-ACHE,
HAVE SOME OF MY SANDWICHES.
I'M AS EMPTY AS A DRUM.



THE CUPBOARD'S NEARLY EMPTY,
BUT I CAN MAKE SOME COCOA.



IT'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE... YOU
GET THE TABLE UNCLE WIGGILY.



THIS POT
STIRS, TOO.



OH, DEAR ME GIZ-DUD! YOU'RE INTO
IT AGAIN.




LISTEN, BUGGSY!
ONE OF THESE
DAYS YOU'LL GET
STUCK AND THERE'LL
BE NOBODY TO PULL
YOU OUT.

NO, I WON'T!
I'M GOING TO
STICK CLOSE
TO YOU,
UNCLE
WIGGILY.

IT'S TOO LATE TO
GO HOME NOW,
UNCLE WIGGILY...
STAY HERE TONIGHT
AND KEEP ME
COMPANY.

THANK YOU,
ROBERT--
I WILL! T

BEFORE I GO TO BED I'LL
SPONGE THE GLUE OFF MY CLOTHES
OR BUGGSY WILL STICK TO ME.


 ҚАЗАҚСТАН РЕСПУБЛИКАСЫНЫҢ БІЛІМ ЖӘНЕ ҒЫЛЫМ МИНИСТРЛІГІ

GOODBYE, UNCLE
WIGGILY... IF YOU'RE
SURE YOU WON'T
LET ME PUSH YOU
BACK TO MRS..
GROUND-
HOG'S

NO, THANK YOU,
ROBERT. JUST GIVE
MY REGARDS TO YOUR
FAMILY.

WELL, BUGGSY,
IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU
MEAN
IT.

I'LL STICK
TO YOU LIKE
A POT O'GLUE!

HECTOR

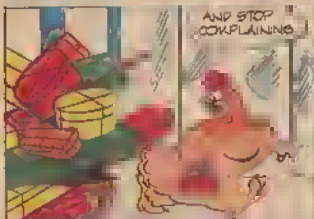
THE
HENPECKED
ROOSTER

CARTOONS
COPYRIGHT 1945 by *Studios*



GRUMBLE

COME ALONG HECTOR!
I HAVE A FEW MORE THINGS
TO BUY!



AND STOP
COMPLAINING

LOOK AT THAT MOB!
YOU'D THINK THEIR VERY
LIVES DEPENDED ON BUY-
ING SOME SILLY
ARTICLE!



GANGWAY!



SOCK

BEEK!

BIFE



I WANT A JAR OF OINT - WANTY
BEAUTY CREAM AND A BOTTLE OF
CLINGING VINE PERFUME!

Y-YES'N!



NOW WHERE IS THAT IDIOT
HECTOR!!
OH
HECTOR!



HOME AT LAST!
FEEL SO TIRED
AFTER SHOPPING.

ALL RIGHT, HECTOR: YOU CAN
PUT THE BOXES DOWN NOW.

HECTOR?

YOU'RE NOT **MY** HUSBAND!

YOU'RE NOT **MY** WIFE!

I GOT THEM MIXED
UP AT THAT LAST
STORE WE WERE IN.

HE MUST BE AROUND
HERE SOMEWHERE.

I'LL BET THAT'S HIM!

HECTOR!

SOK! SOK! ★ SOK! SOK!
SOK! SOK! SOK! ★
★ SOK! SOK! SOK! ★
SOK! SOK! ★ SOK!
SOK! ★

PICK UP THOSE PACKAGES
AND MARCH RIGHT HOME!

YES, DEAR!

NOW GO UP TO YOUR
ROOM AND STAY THERE
FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

WOTTA LIFE! WHY WAS
I EVER HATCHED?

HEY! WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
HECK?

MY WIFE! SHE BEAT
ME UP AGAIN.

BOY, THAT SWINER
IS A HONEY!

SAV' I KNOW A WAY YOU
CAN GET BACK AT HER!

HOW?

COMMIT
SUICIDE!

HAT'S A
UNDERHILL IDEA!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! I HAVE
TO KILL MYSELF TO DO
THAT!

THAT'S
RIGHT!

NOTHING DOING!

JUST A SECOND...
MAYBE YOU WON'T
HAFTA **KILL YOUR
SELF!**

HOW DO
YOU
MEAN?

WELL... G'ROSE
YOUR WIFE JUST
**THINKS YOU
KILLED YOURSELF!**

MMM-I SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN! IT
MIGHT BE WORTH
TRYING!

FIRST YOU GOT
TO WRITE A
NOTE!

THAT'LL DO, I THINK!

Dear Beatha;
I can't stand
it any longer.
When you read
this note, I will
be dead.
Your loving
husband,
Hector

NOW LEAVE THE NOTE ON THE
BED AND GO OUT AND HIDE SOME-
WHERE AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

WHERE'LL I GO?

WHY DON'T YOU
GO FISHING?

OKAY

HECTOR! I HAVE SOME
WORK FOR YOU TO DO!

HECTOR! WH
HE'S GONE! AND
HE'S LEFT A NOTE!

OH OH!
HERE SHE
COMES!

HECTOR? DEAD? N-NO!
HE COULDN'T DO
THAT TO ME!!

WHY SHOULD HE DO IT?
WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO
LEAVE HIS HAPPY HOME?

OH, I'LL MURDER HIM FOR
KILLING HIMSELF
THIS WAY!

YOU MADE ME
DO THIS!!

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE
GHOST OF
POOR
HECTOR

EEEEEEEEEE

HELP! HELP!

I-IT MUST HAVE BEEN
MY IMAGINATION!

NO IT'S NOT YOUR
IMAGINATION! IT'S
THE GHOST OF HECTO

THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED

HELP! HELP
ME!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
MRS HENN.

MY HUSBAND COMMITTED
SUICIDE-AND NOW
HE'S
HAUNTING
ME!

YOU MEAN
HECTOR?

WHY I JUST SAW HIM
DOWN BY THE RIVER,
FISHING!

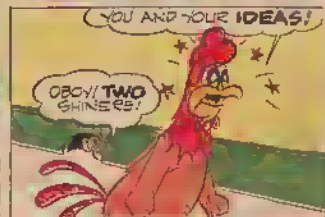
HE WAS FISHING MAYBE,
BUT I'M SURE HE
JUMPED IN THE WATER!

COME ON!
WE'LL HAVE A
LOOK!

GEE, HERE HE IS!

IT'S BERTHA
AND SHE'S AFTER
ME!

ONLY ONE THING
TO DO! I'LL JUMP IN
AND SWIM
FOR IT!



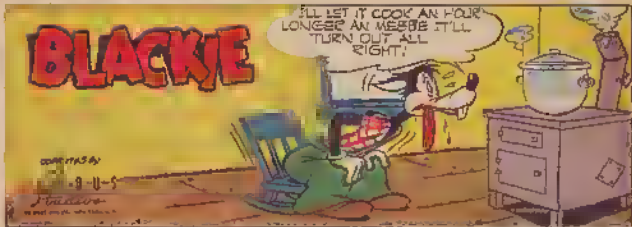
BLACKIE

2008年12月31日

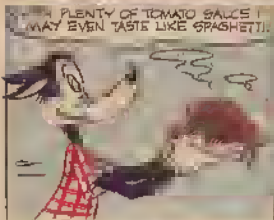
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I'LL LET IT COOK AN HOUR
LONGER AN MESSB E I'LL
TURN OUT ALL
RIGHT!



PLenty OF TOMATO SAUCE I
MAY EVEN TASTE LIKE SPAGHETTI.



THEY SAY THE SECRET IS IN
THE SAUCE,
ANYWAY!



4-4-4-4



NO
STILL TASTES
LIKE
A MOP!



WASH WELL BUT PUT IT
BACK ON THE STICK!

611425
HECK!





FEEL
HUNGRY IF I
TIGHTEN THIS
ROPE AROUND
MY STOMACH!



WELL I DON'T THINK OF
ANY OTHER WAY TO
NAB ONE OF THOSE
DELICIOUS LITTLE
LAMBS!



O-O-OH! I'M
NEARLY
SORRY FOR
ME IN MY
LIFE!



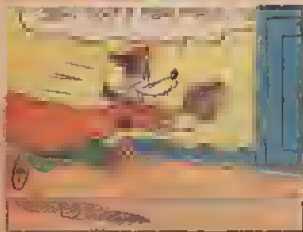
THAT'S IT! I'LL MAKE 'EM
SORRY FOR ME! I'LL PLAY ON
THEIR
SYMPATHY!



FIRST I'VE GOT
TO GET
THE
STAGE!

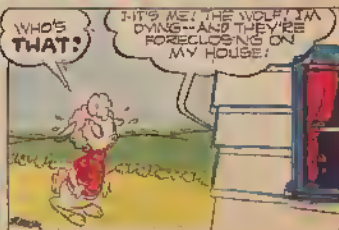


I ALWAYS PAINT MY BEST PICTURES
WHEN I'M
HUNGRY!



ARE SURE
TO FALL
FOR THAT
BIB!

FOR
SALE



W-W-WHAT
ARE YA
DYIN' OF?

STARV- ER-
SMALL POX OR
SOMETHING!

HE SOUNDS
PRETTY
WEAK!

OOOH!

THE POOR
FELLER!

I'LL TAKE THIS HOT WATER
BOTTLE AWAY--IT'S
SMOTHERING
HIM!

NOW YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER! HAH-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
CRASH!

OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!
OW! OW! OW! OW!

OH! SO
THAT'S
WHAT'S
WRONG!
SORE FEET
EH?

OW!
OW!

OWOWOWOW!!

LOOKS LIKE A SEVERE
CASE OF ATHLETE'S
FOOT!

I'LL CALL ONE OF
THE BOYS AND
WE'LL GET
HIM TO A
DOCTOR!

FOR
SAIL

WOOLY! QUICK!
THE WOLF IS
DYING!

-UREY! I THINK HE'S IN THE
LAST STAGES OF
ATHLETE'S FOOT!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE
TOO LATE!

MMMMMM-- DON'T
FEEL ANY PULSE!

THERE'S NONE
IN THIS
HAND EITHER!

POOR GUY

HE WAS A RAT
BUT I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
MISS HIM!

REMEMBER ALL
THE FUN WE
USED TO HAVE
WITH HIM!

Y-YEH! I'LL
NEVER FORGET
THE TIME HE
ALMOST MADE
LAMB STEW
OF US! BOO
HOO!

THE TIME HE INVITED
TO A DINNER OF CORN FRITTERS,
BAKED POTATOES, APPLE
SAUCE AN' STRAWBERRY
SHORTCAKE AN' **YOU**
WERE GONNA BE
THE MAIN
DISH!

YEH! HE
ALWAYS
THOUGHT A
LOT OF ME!

SNIFF!

OH HE THOUGHT
I WAS TENDER
AN' DELICIOUS,
TOO!

BUT **ME**
ESPECIALLY!

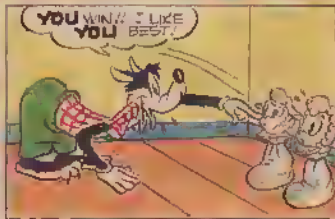


HE ALWAYS
PREFERRED
ME!

I'LL BET IF
HE WERE
ALIVE RIGHT
NOW HE'D
EAT **ME**
BEFORE
YOU



YOW!



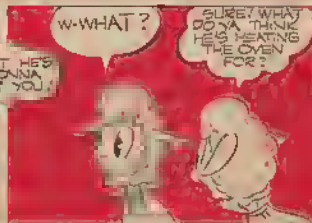
YOU WIN!! - LIKE
YOU BEST!



EXCUSE ME! I
HAVE TO HEAT
THE
OVEN!

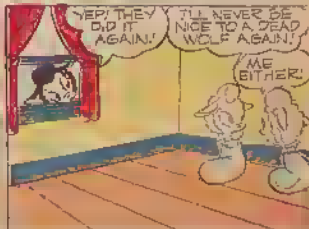
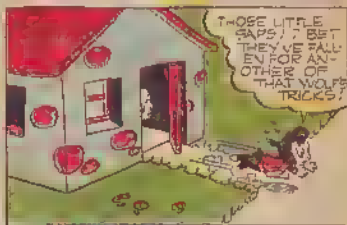
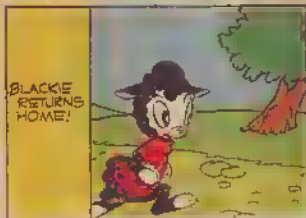
SEE? WH
DID I TELL YOU?
HE LIKES
ME BEST!

BUT HE'S
GONNA
EAT
YOU!

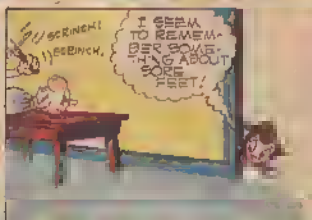
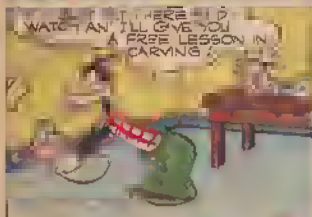
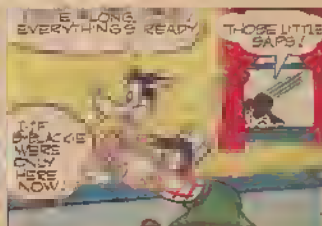


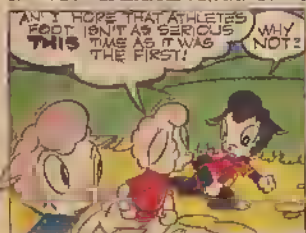
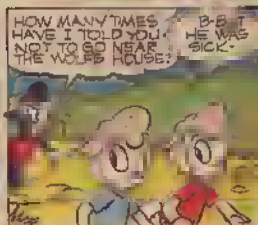
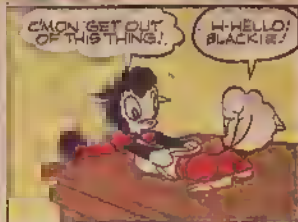
W-WHAT?

SURE! WHAT
DO YA THINK
HE'S HEATING
THE OVEN
FOR?

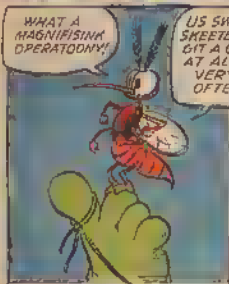


ME EITHER!

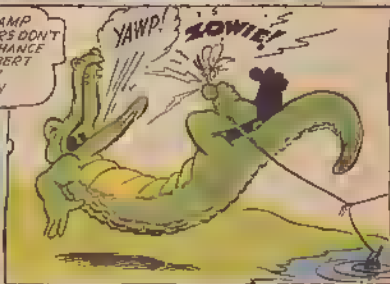




Albert the Whaler



US SWAMP SKEETERS DON'T GIT A CHANCE AT ALBERT VERY OFTEN



BLESS ME, BUT PO' OL' PODO
DONE DID DO HISSELF IN BY
GITTIN' SWALLIED UP BY A
MONSTER!



DE THOUGHT BRING TEARS
TO MA EYES AN' A LUNK
IN MA THROAT!



MA SAKES! A SHO'NUFF
TALKIN' LUNK!

OPEN UP YO' MOUT,
ALBERT, AN IS PODO!
SEE ME WAVIN'
MA TAIL BONES?



WELL, COME OUTEN DERE
DEN! US ONLY GOT EIGHT
PAGES FO' TO GIT THROUGH
ABOUT TWELVE PAGES O'
ACTION—YOU IS WASTIN'
TIME!



DON'T SEE HIDE NOR
HAIR OF DAT FISH
WHUT GIV' US DE
BITE—MUS' TRULY
BE DE BIGGES' FISH
IN THE WORL'!



WHERE'S THE FISH?

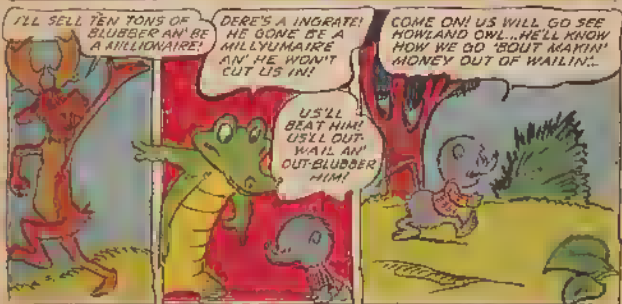
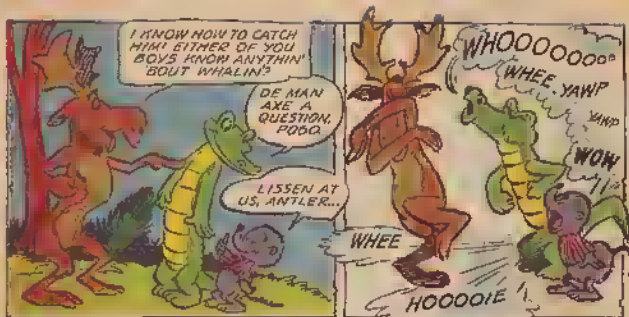
OH, HULLO DERE,
UNCLE ANTLER!
US JES' HAD A
BITE BY A FISH
998 FEET LONG!



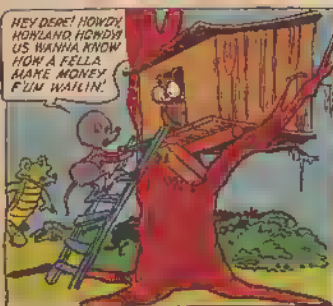
HOLY
MACKEREL!

COULDN'T OF
BEEN A MACKEREL!
DISH YERE MUS'
OF BEEN A BIG
BASS.





HEY DERE! HOWDY,
HOWLAND HOWDY!
US WANNA KNOW
HOW A FELLA
MAKE MONEY
F'IM WAILIN'!

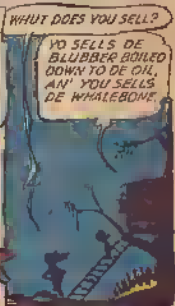


FUST OFF YOU
NEEDS A WHALE
BOAT, AN' A
HARPOON, AN' A
POT FO' BOILIN'
UP DE BLUBBER
ALSO, YOU IS
GOT TO KETCH
DE WHALE.

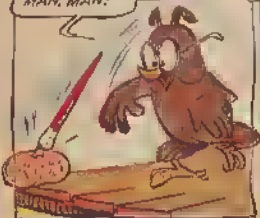


WHUT DOES YOU SELL?

YO SELLS DE
BLUBBER BOILED
DOWN TO DE OIL,
AN' YOU SELLS
DE WHALEBONE.



MAN, IT'S EXCITIN'! DE
HARPOON BOY THOWS DE
HARPOON—AN' HE HITS
DE WHALE! DE BOAT
'ROCK AROUND—
MAN, MAN!



DEN DEY RUSH
AROUND CUTTIN'
UP DE WHALE AN'
GITTIN' BUCKETS
OF BLUBBER—



WELL, OF
COURSE
YOU KNOWS,
NOW!

SHOLY!

NOW WE IS GOT ALL
THE THINGS WE
NEEDS

WE GONE
WAILIN'!



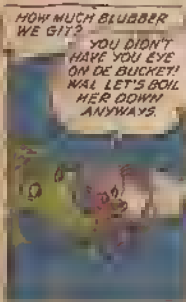
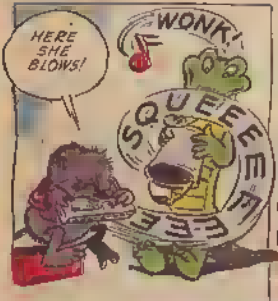
SEEM LIKE A LOT OF
TROUBLE JES' FO'
TO KETCH A WAIL.

AH DIN'T HAVE A HARPOON
SO AH BRUNG MAH MOUF
HARP—OUGHT TO BE
ABLE TO HIT A GOOD
WAIL WIF DAT!



NOW WHEN AH HITS A WAIL
WIF DE MOUF HARP YOU
CLAPS DE PAIL OVER IT.

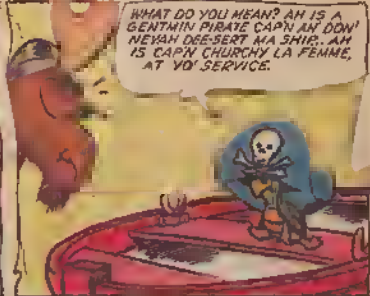




SHECKS! HERE I AM, ALL SET
FOR WHALIN'
AN' THE CAPN
OF THE BOAT
I HIRED ISN'T
ANYWHERE
AROUND!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AH IS A
GENTLIN PIRATE CAPN AN' DON'
NEVAH DEE-SERT MA SHIP. AH
IS CAPN CHURCHY LA FEMME,
AT YO' SERVICE.



IS WHALIN
ANYTHIN' LIKE
PIRATIN'?

WHALIN
IS
MORE
REFINED



DON'T GIT SO UPPITY
OR AH'LL KEEL-
HAUL YOU-HORNS
AN' ALL!



AH GOT
A MIND
TO PUT
YO' IN ARMS
FO MUNITY!

YOU
MEAN
MUTINY



YO' ADMITS IT!
YO' DAWG! PUT
UP YO' HANDS!



LOOKY DERE, ALBERT,
SOMEBODY HOLDIN' UP
OL' UNCLE ANTLER!

SERVE HIM
RIGHT!



QUICK, ALBERT, JUMP
OAHBOD AN' SWIM UP
BEHINE DE HOLD-UP
MAN-WE GOTTA RESCUE
OL' ALBERT!

AH WILL PUSH DE
RAFT OVER THERE
AN' ATTACK FUM
DE FLANK.

OL' ANTLER
DONE HUMBUG
US 'BOUT WAILIN'
AH IS BEIN'
AWFUL BIG-
HEARTED TO SAVE
HIM.

YOU IS AT DE
MERCY OF
CHURCHY LA
FEMME, DE
SCOURGE OF
DE HIGH
SEAS!

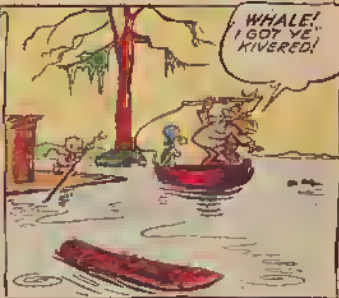


LOOK! A
WHALE!

BLOW ME DOWN!
SO IT BE!



WHALE!
I GOT YE
KIVERED!

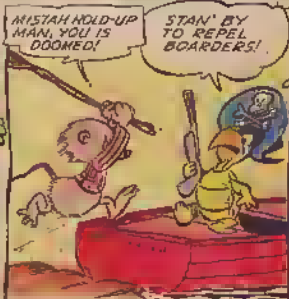


AH SOORENDAH!
AH SOORENDAH!



MISTAH HOLD-UP
MAN, YOU IS
DOOMED!

STAN' BY
TO REPEL
BOARDERS!



RIGHT OUTEN DE
PARK—DE TIBAH5
LOOKIN' FO' ME
FO' 1945!

I DIN'T KNOW
THET BOY COULD FLY!

NEBBE HE A
TURKLEDOVE.

DATS DE WHY WHY
FOLKS—YO' CAINT
DEPEND ON 'EM!
DAT LI'L POSSUM
LOOK HARMLESS
AS A BUTTERFLY!

NOW HE IS ALL FRIENDS
AGAIN—HOW 'BOUT US
HAVIN' A FRIED CATFISH
SUPPAH IN MA HONOR?
ON ACCOUNT AM
RESCUED YOU,
ANTLER

RESCUED ME FROM
WHAT? I HEV TO ROW
BACK, I NOTICE!

WHUT'S WRONG
WIF DAT? THINK
YOU IS ROYALTY?

SHO!—MOUGHT
THINK YOU WAS
DE PRINCE OF
WALES, OR
SUMFIN'—!

FO'GIVE ME—
AH DIN'T
MEAN IT—

YOU DID IT—YOU MENTION 'WAILS
AGAIN! ROW FASTER, ANTLER,
AH'LL HARPOON DE CRITTER!

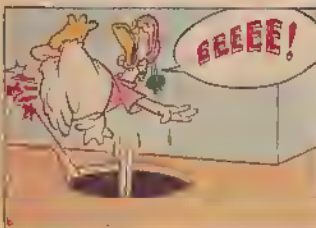
CILLY GOOSE

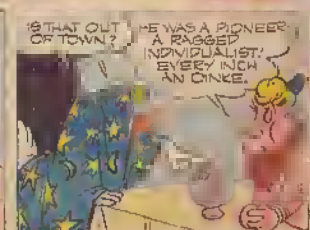
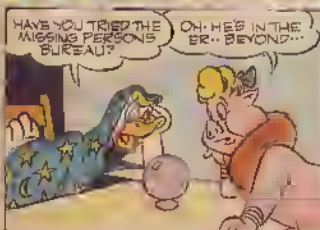
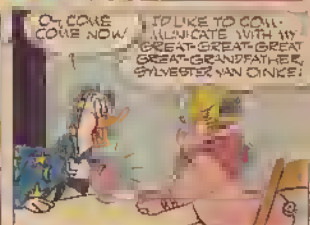
COMEDIES BY

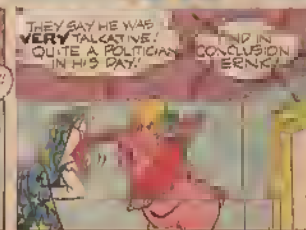
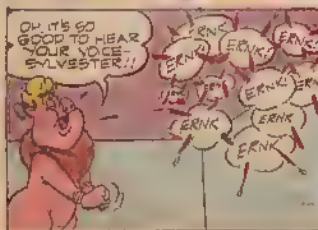
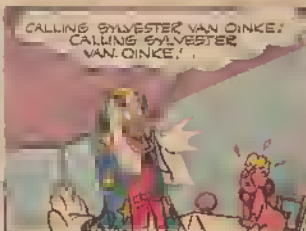
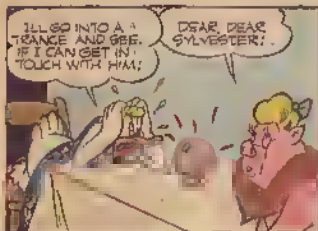
WILLIE
A WALT DISNEY PRODUCTION

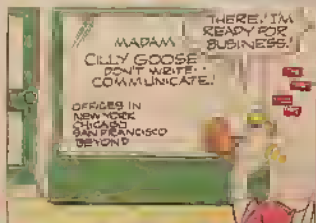
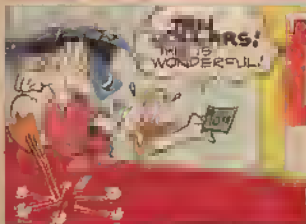
—AND YOU WILL FALL
INTO THE ARMS OF A
TALL DARK MAN!

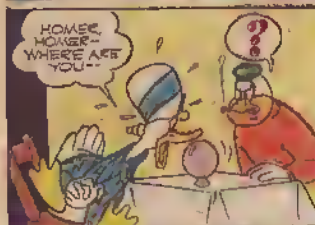
OH, HOW
PERFECTLY
THRILLING!

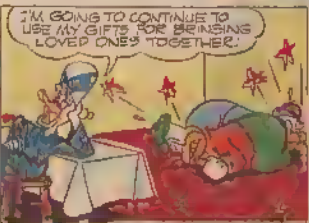
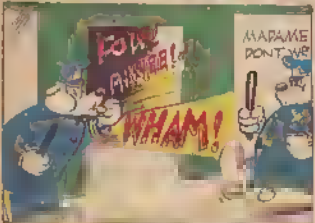


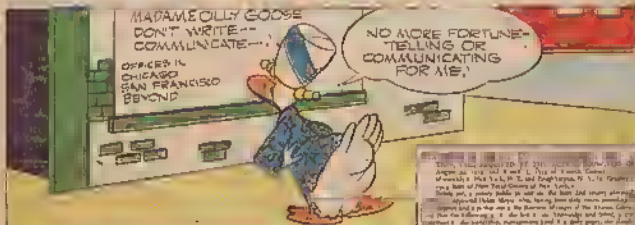
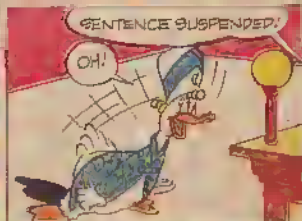
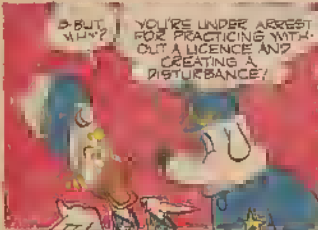




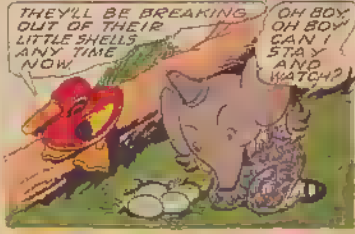
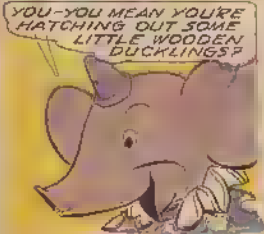
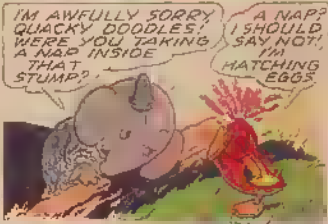
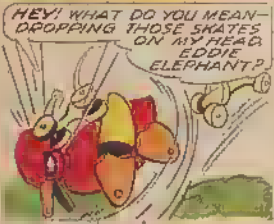






[illegible]

Johnny Gruelle's **RAGGEDY ANIMALS**



YOU CAN SIT ON THE STUMP AND KEEP THE EGGS WARM WHILE I GO TO THE STORE FOR SOME GROCERIES.

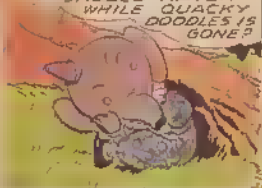
THAT'S SWELL, QUACKY! DOODLES!



WHATEVER HAPPENS, YEH-DON'T GET OFF THE STUMP... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



BUT WHAT IF THEY SHOULD HATCH WHILE DOODLES IS GONE?



HI, EDDIE—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO ROLLERSKATE.

I DID—BUT I DON'T



SAY! YOU'RE SITTING KIND OF FUNNY ON THAT STUMP... WHAT'S THE MATTER?



ARE YOU HIDING SOMETHING—O.R. DID YOU JUST RIP YOUR PANTS?

NO!



PEEP, PEEPI!

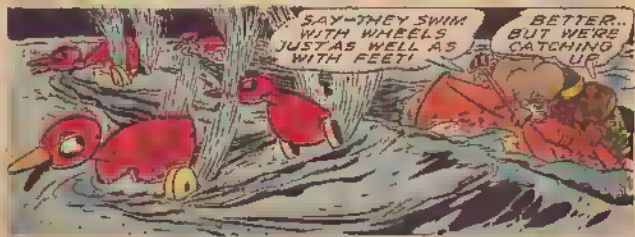


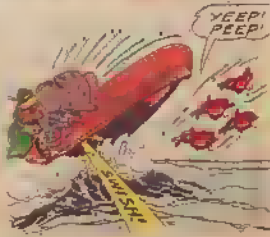
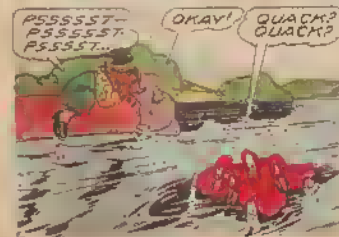
WHAT WAS THAT I HEARD?

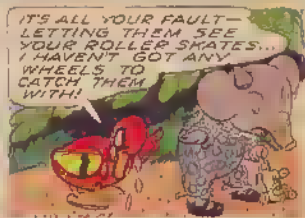
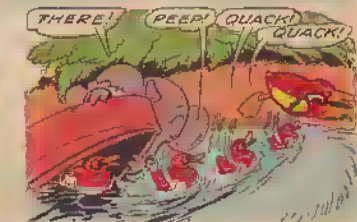
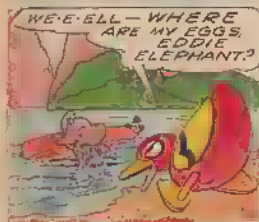
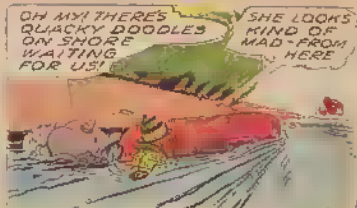
PIP, PIP, PEEPI!













A FRIEND IN NEED

The screen door slammed behind Philip and his big Air-slate, Tuck. Patsy, the kitten, was left shut in the sun porch. She jumped to the window sill to watch her friends start down the street.

"Oh, well," she thought. "I guess I can find SOME-THING to play with."

There was a china box full of matches on the edge of the table. Patsy batted it with a quick, padded paw. The match box danced.

Over it went, with all the matches spilling. As it hit the floor there was a quick spurt of flame.

Sparks sizzled SPUTT!

One after another the spilled matches went off. A tall flame leaped up. It caught one of the long window curtains and climbed swiftly to the top. The whole porch filled with smoke.

"Help!" wailed Patsy, backing to the far end. "Meow, meow, MEOW!"

The fire ran up another curtain. The smoke got thicker.

Suddenly there came a patter of strong doggy feet. They clawed through the screen door, raced across the porch. Tuck's jaws gripped the loose skin of Patsy's neck—very gently.

Patsy felt one lin' breath of flame as they dashed back in the door. Then they were out. Out in the pure, free, open air!

There was a big commotion back at the house, where Philip and his mother were putting out the fire. But Patsy did not care. Playfully she batted Tuck's nose, and Tuck pretended in ear-her alive, then and then.

It was a great game!



elephunnies

